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May the right shine in our country, Glory!
Brighter than the sun, Glory!
May his treasure chest, Glory!
Always be full of gold, Glory!
May his glory descend, Glory!
By the great rivers to the sea, Glory!
And by the creeks to the flouring mill, Glory!
This song we sing to the bread, Glory!
And we offer praise to the loaf, Glory!
As a solace to the old people, Glory!
And for the public to hear, Glory!

This song has been utilized by Beethoven in his op. 59, Rasoumovsky Quartet in F.

*By *prince* and *princess* are meant in this song, the newly married people.

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21. THE SOWING OF THE MILLET.

(*A mi prosso Ssegali.*)

[776]

This song is at least a thousand years old and dates from the heathen times of Russia, as the invocation of Lado, the deity of the Spring testifies. It typifies the custom of obtaining the bride by purchase.

The first chorus begins:

We have sown, we have sown millet,
Oy, Did-Lado, we have sown,

to which the other replies:

But we will trample it, trample it,
Oy, Did-Lado, will trample it.

Then the two choruses sing alternately:

1. But with what will you trample it?
2. Horses will we turn into it.
1. But we will catch the horses.
2. What will you catch them with?
1. With a silken rein.
2. But we will ransom the horses.
1. What will you ransom them with?

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2. We will give a hundred roubles.
1. A thousand is not what we want.
2. What is then you want?
1. What we want is a maiden.

On this, one of the girls in the second choir goes over to the first, the two sides singing, respectively "Our band has lost," and "Our band has gained." The game lasts until all the girls have gone from one side to the other. Of course in the concerts the action is abridged.

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22. WHAT DUST IS THAT ON THE ROAD.

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(*Chto vo pole pilno.*)

Dear Mother, what is that dust on the road?
Beloved, what dust is that on the road?
My child, the horses are playing and running about,
My sweet child, the horses are playing and running about.

Dear mother, visitors are entering the yard,
Beloved, visitors are entering the yard!
My child, fear not, I shall not give you up,
My sweet one, fear not and be not scared.

Dear mother, the guests are mounting the porch,
Beloved, the guests are mounting the porch!
My child, fear not, I shall not give you up,
My sweet one, fear not, I'll not let you go.

Dear mother, they are entering the front room,
Beloved, they are entering the front room!
My child, fear not, I shall not give you up,
My sweet one, fear not, I'll not turn you away.

Dear mother, they are sitting down at the table,
Beloved, they are sitting down at the table!
My child, fear not, I'll not give you up,
My sweet one, fear not, I shall not give you away.

Dear Mother, they are taking down the holy image,
Beloved, they are blessing me with the holy image!
My child, the Lord be with you,
My sweet one, the Lord be with you!